

# ELOPEMENT IN MINDS OF MRS. MILLS AND HALL LONG BEFORE MURDERS

## Joy of Love Filled Her Mother's Days, Charlotte Shows

For the first time the true and significant background of the famous Hall-Mills murder mystery is now being given to the public in "My Story," by Charlotte Mills, daughter of the slain woman. In previous chapters of "My Story" Miss Mills has told of the life of drudgery which her mother led, and of her growing friendship for the wealthy Rev. Hall. Now go on with the absorbing tale of this romance as told by the one living person who knows it best.

## My Own Story of My Mother's Love and Murder

Charlotte Mills

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For all our money troubles, we had some good times too. There were the church picnics, for instance. They were lots of fun. Mother always took me along.

She used to love fussing over the eats. Each lady would carry along some special thing. Some would make potato salad; some would bring cakes and pies; some would see to the pickles, cheese, etc. Mother always took sandwiches.

### Liked to Cook

She loved cooking and putting in the kitchen and knew how to make lovely German dishes—pot roast, apple-cake, sausage-roll and such wonderful sandwiches. Often she used to save something for Mr. Hall when he came around and he'd make a big fuss and enjoy every crumb. Mother would be as happy as a kid.

One day she was making sandwiches to take to a picnic.

"We must have a lot for Mr. Hall," she said.

"What kind does he like?" I asked her.

"Guess."

"Oh, some fancy stuff, I suppose. Preserves with chopped olives and cream cheese?"

"Wrong," said mother.

"Caviar!"

"Not a bit of it."

"Peanut butter and—"

"Oh, you'll never guess. It's tuna fish. Just plain ordinary tuna fish with my dressing. And he loves a combination of tongue and cheese with a little chopped pickle. What do you think of that?"

### Happy Years

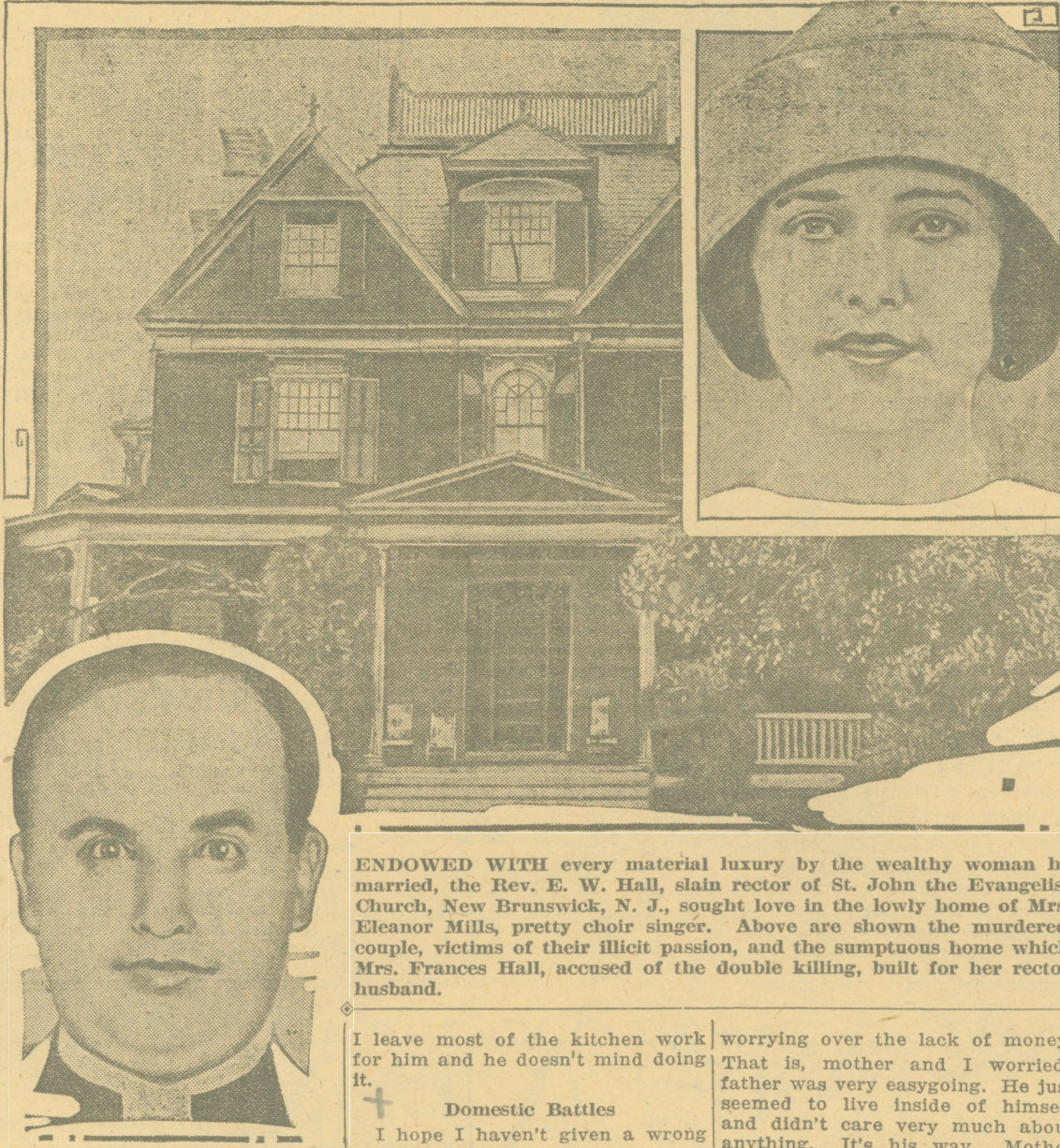
I thought it was funny, because Mr. Hall was so used to nice things over at his home. I imagined everything they had was expensive and elegant, and I guess it was. Perhaps that's why he used to like our plain stuff.

I believe the two or three years before mother died were the happiest of her whole life. Anyhow, she laughed more and sang, and seemed gay. We used to take walks together just like two girls. As jolly as anything. We'd make comments on whatever we saw, and laugh over what was funny. I never had a girl friend I liked better than mother.

### Planned to Go Away

She used to talk a great deal in those days about our going off together, just she and I, and having a nice little home somewhere.

## Mansion Failed to Hold Hall From Love



ENDOWED WITH every material luxury by the wealthy woman he married, the Rev. E. W. Hall, slain rector of St. John the Evangelist Church, New Brunswick, N. J., sought love in the lowly home of Mrs. Eleanor Mills, pretty choir singer. Above are shown the murdered couple, victims of their illicit passion, and the sumptuous home which Mrs. Frances Hall, accused of the double killing, built for her rector husband.

I leave most of the kitchen work for him and he doesn't mind doing it.

### Domestic Battles

I hope I haven't given a wrong impression of my father or spoken disrespectfully. I have had one or two whippings from mother because I was pert to father. We somehow never seemed to "belong," my father and me, and mother understood; but all the same she had the old-fashioned German idea that a child must be respectful to parents and whenever I was naughty in that way I suffered for it.

"He is your father," she'd say, "and if you can't be anything better, you can be obedient and silent."

All the same, she and I had our battles with him. Mostly over money affairs. I can't remember any time in my life that we weren't

worrying over the lack of money. That is, mother and I worried; father was very easygoing. He just seemed to live inside of himself and didn't care very much about anything. It's his way. Mother

I didn't think very much about it; just left it all to her.

But if she had suddenly come to me and said: "Charlotte, we're going to move out of here this very day and live by ourselves," I would have picked up my things and gone gladly, without asking a question. I'd have known mother knew what she was about and would take care of us.

As I look back, I see it in a little different light than I did then. I feel sure a plan had begun to form in both their minds—Mr. Hall's first and then mother's—that they would some time go away from New Brunswick.

I don't think they had any clear idea how, but that they were determined to find a way; if not one way, another. I don't remember of thinking about it at all except to be glad and hope it would happen. I would have gone anywhere, any how, any time, with mother.

### Father Cooks Meals

We always had good times at Christmas. The German people make a great deal of Christmas, and my six aunts (mother's sisters) and four uncles (her brothers) made parties and presents and we all visited and looked at one another's trees.

I generally ate too much cake and pudding and got sick, but I had a wonderful time anyhow. That's another one of the things I've got over, along with the movies—eating too much. Eating never interests me any more. I certainly don't get that from father; he always was a perfect crank about food.

Mother could manage to please him most of the time but even her cooking sometimes made him grumble, and since mother's death, father gets his own meals and for my brother, Dan, too. I clean up the house and dust, but

used to flare up sometimes, but she wouldn't let me.

### Never Battled

I read a story in a newspaper lately that said mother used to make terrible scenes and "throw pieces of bric-a-brac," and even strike my father. How terrible to write such lies about her! Never any such thing happened in all my lifetime. They had their squabbles, but, as for hitting and throwing things—well, it is shameful to say so.

The Mills men are peculiar, or so they seem to me. They are very taciturn and don't care much about women; I mean, they feel superior to women just because they themselves happen to be men. I can't express myself very clearly about this, because I never get it very clear to my own mind. I never could understand what difference it makes which sex you are. It's

(Continued on Page 27)

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